

The Watchman and Southron.

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866. New Series—Vol. II. No. 39.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1883.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

Watchman and Southron.
Published every Tuesday,
at the
Watchman and Southron Publishing
Company,
SUMTER, S. C.
TERMS:
For a year in advance, \$1.00
For six months, 50
For three months, 25
For one month, 10
All communications which involve private
affairs, or are for advertisements,
and notices of respect will be
charged for.
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charged for.
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charged for.

**WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND
AUGUSTA R. R.**

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.	
No. 48.	No. 47.
Daily.	Daily.
Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.	Leave Sumter 11:10 a.m.
Arrive Columbia 1:15 p.m.	Arrive Columbia 4:25 p.m.
Leave Columbia 6:45 a.m.	Leave Columbia 9:55 a.m.
Arrive Sumter 11:10 a.m.	Arrive Sumter 2:20 p.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 47.	No. 48.
Daily.	Daily.
Leave Columbia 10:00 p.m.	Leave Columbia 12:00 p.m.
Arrive Sumter 1:15 a.m.	Arrive Sumter 4:25 a.m.
Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.	Leave Sumter 11:10 a.m.
Arrive Columbia 1:15 p.m.	Arrive Columbia 4:25 p.m.

WORTH-EASTERN R. R. CO.
SCHEDULE
Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia 1:15 p.m.
Leave Columbia 6:45 a.m.
Arrive Sumter 11:10 a.m.

SOUTHEASTERN RAILROAD CO.
SCHEDULE
Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia 1:15 p.m.
Leave Columbia 6:45 a.m.
Arrive Sumter 11:10 a.m.

South Carolina Railway Co.
SCHEDULE
Leave Sumter 8:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia 1:15 p.m.
Leave Columbia 6:45 a.m.
Arrive Sumter 11:10 a.m.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.
The Executive Committee would respectfully represent to the public that they have all the marble for slabs and shields; have had the inscription slab cut and inserted, and the four shields ready to be inserted—and here the funds have given out, and the work must stop unless we can procure \$225.00 to complete the monument.
This amount will be required to cut the names of over 400 Confederate Dead of the District of Sumter upon the three slabs, and insert the same in the Monument. This will complete the work—in fact was the object for which the work was begun.
We now earnestly appeal to all who desire to perpetuate the names of Sumter's illustrious Dead, and particularly to those to whom such names are most dear, to aid us by giving such subscriptions as they can afford.
Subscriptions can be paid to Judge Fraser, Treasurer of the Monumental Association, or to either member of the Committee.
J. D. BLANDING, Chairman.
L. P. LORING.
E. W. MOISE.
H. HARRY.
GUIGNARD RICHARDSON.

TAX NOTICE.
OFFICE COUNTY TREASURER,
SUMTER COUNTY, APRIL 16, 1883.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
the office of the Treasurer of Sumter
County will be open at Sumter Court House
from the FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1883,
to the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1883, for the
collection of State, County, School, and
Special Taxes for the Fiscal Year commencing
November 1, 1882.

The rates of levy on all property assessed for taxation is as follows:
For State Purposes—Four and three fourths mills on each dollar of the valuation of the property represented on the Tax Duplicate for the said Fiscal Year.
For Ordinary County Purposes—two and one half mills on each dollar of said valuation.
For Special County Purposes—to wit:
For Deficiencies in the Fiscal Year commencing November 1, 1881, one fourth of one mill; and one and one-half mill for funded indebtedness prior to November, 1879.
For School Purposes—Two (2) mills on each dollar of said valuation; also Poll Tax of one dollar on each taxable poll, to wit: of each male citizen between the ages of 21 and 50 years, except such as are exempt by law.
The said taxes are to be paid in the following funds, and no other, viz: Gold and Silver Coins, United States Currency, National Bank Notes, and Comps which shall become payable during the year 1883, on the Valid Consolidated Bonds of this State, known as "Brown Bonds" and on the Bonds of this State known as "Deficiency Bonds," and Jury Certificates, and the per diem of State witnesses in the Circuit Courts, for County taxes, not including School taxes.
The said taxes are payable in two installments; one-half from the first day of May, to the first day of June 1883, the other half from the 15th of September to the 26th day of October, 1883, and is optional with any taxpayer to pay the whole or one-half of said taxes at the time first mentioned, but if one-half thereof be not then paid, a penalty of five per centum will be added thereon.
W. F. B. HAYNSWORTH,
April 16
Treasurer Sumter County.

ENGINE FOR SALE.
ONE FIRST CLASS 25-HORSE POWER
Portable Engine, in good order. Will
be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to
C. T. MASON, Jr.
April 10

**FOR SALE
FOR CASH.**
A FINE, MEDIUM SIZE MULE, IN
good order and a good second hand
two-horse wagon and body. Apply to
W. G. KENNEDY,
March 13

FOR SALE.
TWO HOUSES AND LOTS ON WASH-
INGTON STREET. Titles guaranteed. Ap-
ply at Sumter Book and Variety Store,
W. G. KENNEDY.

A Horse and Buggy.
Apply as above, to
W. G. KENNEDY.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.
THIRTY DAYS AFTER DATE HEREOF,
the undersigned will apply to W. H.
Cutler, Esq., Clerk of the Court for Sumter
County, for a Charter, incorporating them-
selves and the name of the HAYSVILLE CEMETERY
ASSOCIATION, as provided for by the Gen-
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J. R. Mays, S. W. Wilson,
J. W. Dennis, W. J. McLeod, Jr.,
J. C. McKinney, J. H. Garland,
J. A. Mays, N. G. DeBoe,
F. J. Mays, J. W. Hudson,
J. E. Atkins, T. D. Foxworth,
J. E. Cochran, J. E. Mays,
H. H. Wilcox, J. J. Miller,
C. O. Wheeler, E. M. Cooper,
J. B. Trimmell, and others. 1m
April 5

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
are wasted on physicians' fees by the dyspeptic,
the rheumatic, the bilious, and the nervous,
when a dollar expended on the infallible
and vegetable tonic and alterative, DR. SIM-
MONS' HEPATIC COMPOUND, or LIVER
AND KIDNEY CURE, would in every case
effect a radical cure.

**NO REMEDY IN THE WORLD EVER SO
FULLY WONS THE CONFIDENCE
OF MANKIND AS
SIMMONS' HEPATIC COMPOUND
LIVER AND KIDNEY CURE.**

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion,
Constipation and all Troubles arising from
the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.
Taken two or three times a day it prevents
Fever and Ague, Malarial Fever, Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever and Cholera.

OH, WOMAN!
Why will you allow yourself to be prostrated,
your system enervated, your health com-
pletely destroyed by the gross and fatal dis-
eases called "Female Weakness," when you can
be entirely cured by using SIMMONS' HEP-
ATIC COMPOUND. It will remove Pimples
and blotches from your face, and make
your skin clear and healthy.
For sale everywhere.

In Sumter by Dr. A. J. CHINA,
In Maysville by Dr. F. J. MAYS,
In Bishopville by Dr. R. Y. McLEOD.
DOWIE & MOISE, Proprietors,
Wholesale Druggists, Charleston, S. C.
Oct 17

Bellefonte Cotton Man'g Co.
COTTON BATTING
PREPARED IN ROLLS
FOR COMFORTS, QUILTS AND
MATTRESSES.
SOLD AT THE FACTORY AND BY
merchants in Sumter at 10 cents per
pound.
Liberal discount to the trade allowed.
D. JAMES WINN,
Sept 19—1y
President.

TOOTHACHE.
To have it out or not—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to
pull more; and by a tug we end
The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaws bear to—a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull—to tug—
To tug! perchance to break—yes, there's the rub;
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half-dissolved the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long a life,
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The pangs of love deflected, and keep delay,
When he might have his quietus make
For one poor-biting? Who would faddeh bear,
To groan and sweat beneath a load of pain,
But that the dread of something like'd within,
The hem-ratesed fever, from whose pang
No law is at once returned, pricks the will
And makes it rather bear the fias it has
Than to obdure that it knows not of?
This denticle do make covetous of us all;
And thus the native line of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose course seems the door
With this regard, his foot-logs turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

AN OLD DREAM STORY.
One snowy winter night an English
farmer, named Robin Cartwright, sitting
with his wife before his blazing fire of
oak wood, fancied that he heard the
faint bleating of a sheep outside his
door, and, anxious for his flock, took
his lantern and went out to look for the
poor creature. No sheep was there,
however, but instead, close against the
door jamb, a basket lined with wool and
covered with a blanket, in which lay a
very young child.

There were footprints in the snow
which led up to the door, and other
steps which led away from it. Holding
his lantern low, the farmer followed
these until they ceased abruptly beside
the margin of the river, which lay at
the foot of his land. Lifting his lantern
over his head, the good man shouted
aloud half a dozen times: "Hullo! he
cried—"Hullo!" but the deep silence
of the winter night alone answered him.
As he stood listening in vain, a shudder
ran through his stout frame. His im-
agination pictured a young woman,
trembling, unhappy, some-stricken,
who, having laid her infant at his door,
had sped away toward this dark water
to hide her woes within his bosom.
"Friends here!" he shouted again.
"Friends here! Only friends!" But
again he heard no sound; and, after
searching the banks carefully, he re-
turned to his cottage.

His wife, meanwhile, had taken the
child to the fire and cared for it kindly.
It was a pretty little boy, dressed in
good and comfortable garments, and
fastened about its neck by a cord was
one-half of a very peculiar silver clasp
or buckle.
It seemed evident that the clasp was
intended to be a token by which the in-
fant, 1883, and is optional with any tax-
payer to pay the whole or one-half of said
taxes at the time first mentioned, but if one-
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To this row of buildings the two
country folk made their way, and the
boy cried out with something very like ter-
ror when he saw the houses of his dream,
and on one low door the number ten
that he had read in those very white let-
ters. He knocked at it with trembling
hand, and an old woman in a black silk
cap, purple gown and a little black
shawl, opened it at once. She made a
courtesy such as humble Englishwomen
give their superiors, and said:
"What can I do for you, ma'am?"
And the boy staggered back against the
door-post, too faint to speak; but Mrs.
Cartwright walked bravely into the poor
little apartment.
"Dame," she said, "we've come a
long way to ask you a little question.
Have you the other half of a bit of a
buckle like this?"
The old woman looked at her a mo-
ment and answered:
"I have, ma'am, and a parcel, too,
for one that shows it to me. Sit down
and I'll tell you about it."
Mrs. Cartwright seated herself; and the
boy drew near. The old woman went
to a chest which stood in a recess, un-
locked it, and took thence a parcel, well
tied up.
"There's two of us in this home al-
ways, ma'am," she said. "The last one
died here. She was an old nurse-woman
and Hannah Glegg she called herself—
and in her last illness, she was greatly
put about by something that was on her
conscience. Before she died she gave me
a card, with a name and place on it,
and this parcel. 'When I'm dead,' she
said, 'not before, write to that place and
say, 'If you want the other half of
the buckle, come to me.' When any
one comes, if they show you half of a
silver buckle, give them this parcel.'"
"It's all she said, ma'am. She died
very soon. Of course I was upset, and
when all was over, I found that though I
had the parcel safe, I had not the card;
that was gone. I've been thinking
of going to the minister and show the
parcel to him, for it's full of writing, and
there's a bit of a buckle in it, too. But
it seems some one must have told you
about it. I think it's yours by right,
and I should give it over."
The farmer's wife was wise enough to
keep her own counsel. She gave a gift
to the old woman that made her feel her
self paid for any trouble she had had,
and took the parcel away with her. At
the hotel where they stopped for the
night the two anxious travelers read the
paper it contained. It was to this effect:
"I, Martha Grey, who have been living in the
City of London for ten years or more, under
the name of Hannah Glegg, do hereby swear
and affirm that six years ago, being 17 years
employed as nurse for my Lady Marlowe, of
Lansdown Place, I was desirous of pur-
suing my niece, Kate Grey, who died, as I
know, of a broken heart, because of his Lord-
ship's foolishness; for he had no mind to marry
a poor, ignorant girl, but only to make love
to her—and being nurse to my Lady Marlowe,
I one night contrived to steal the child and leave
the place with it unseemly; and, taking a boat,
I roved, with my own hands, stopped near the
house of one Robin Cartwright, farmer, and
laid the child at his door, and then departed as
I came, knowing full well that it would be believed
that the mother who had let her child be
drowned had died since that I have changed
my name and lived unseemly, but, being in
need of death, I now make confession, lest I
be punished for the deed in the world to which
I am going. The half of the buckle, which is
in this parcel, will mate that which I bring about
the child's neck, and my Lady Marlowe will
know it well, since it is a family heirloom."
This statement I swear is true; I make it on
my death-bed.
MARTHA GREY.
Of course the poor boy, who had been
led so far by this strange dream, lost no
time in going to—shire, still cared for
by good Mrs. Cartwright.
They found Marlowe Castle easily,
and on entering it the boy's vision,
again came into the story, for the one-
eyed footman opened the door for them.
All was familiar to the young fellow.
The stairway, the passages, the yellow-
satin drawing-room—he had seen them
all in his dreams. He had no doubt
whatever that he stood in his father's
home, or that his mother would prove to
be the lady of the black robes and dia-
monds who had seemed so beautiful to him.
And this in fact was actually the case,
the grief which the Marlowes had suf-
fered for years on account of the strange
disappearance of their child being well
known by all the county. The letter
and the clasp proved his identity, and
the servant boy became the heir to a
fortune and a title, and found parental
love and tenders at last. The story
was not universally known, but it is
carefully recorded in the private diary
of Dennis Archer, then Vicar of Mar-
lowe Church, who avers his belief in its
truth.

TOOTHACHE.
To have it out or not—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to
pull more; and by a tug we end
The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaws bear to—a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull—to tug—
To tug! perchance to break—yes, there's the rub;
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half-dissolved the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long a life,
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The pangs of love deflected, and keep delay,
When he might have his quietus make
For one poor-biting? Who would faddeh bear,
To groan and sweat beneath a load of pain,
But that the dread of something like'd within,
The hem-ratesed fever, from whose pang
No law is at once returned, pricks the will
And makes it rather bear the fias it has
Than to obdure that it knows not of?
This denticle do make covetous of us all;
And thus the native line of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose course seems the door
With this regard, his foot-logs turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

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door, and, anxious for his flock, took
his lantern and went out to look for the
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That Bad Boy
His Pa's Marvellous Escape.
Got any vaseline?" said the bad
boy to the grocery man, as he went
into the store one cold morning, leav-
ing the door open, and picked up a
cigar stub that had been thrown down
by the stove and began to smoke it.
"Shut the door, dog-gan you. Was
you brought up in a saw mill? No,
I haven't got vaseline. What do you
want of vaseline?" said the grocery
man, as he set the syrup keg on a
chair by the stove where it would thaw out.
"Want to rub it on pa's leg," said
the boy, as he tried to draw smoke
through the cigar stub.
"Why, what is the matter with your
pa's legs? Rheumatiz?"
"Worse nor rheumatiz, said the
boy as he threw away the cigar stub
and drew some cider in a broken tea-
cup. 'Pa has got the worst looking
hind legs you ever saw. You see,
since there has been so many fires
pa has got awful scared, and has
bought three fire escapes made out of
ropes with knots in them, and he has
been telling us every day how he could
rescue the whole family in case of fire.
He told us to be cool, whatever happen-
ed, and to rely on him. If the house
got on fire we were all to run to pa, and
he would save us. Well, last night
ma had to go to one of the neighbors.
Pa he got asleep, and slept till about
eight o'clock in the morning, and the
blinds were closed, and it was dark in
the room, and I had waited for my
breakfast till I was hungry as a wolf,
and the girl told me to wake pa up, so
I went up stairs, and I don't know
what made me think of it, but I had
some of the powder they make red fire
with in the theatre, that me and my
chum had the Fourth of July, and I
put it in a wash-dish in the bath room,
and I touched it off and hollered fire.
I yelled there was too much fire, or I
yelled too loud, cause pa jumped out
of bed and grabbed a rope and rushed
through the hall toward the back win-
dow, that goes out on a shed. I tried
to say something, but pa ran over me
and told me to save myself, and I got
to the back window to tell him there
was no fire just as he let himself out
the window. He had one of the ropes
tied to the leg of the wash-dish and
he was climbing down the back side
of the shed by the kitchen, with
nothing on but his night shirt, and he
was the horriest looking object ever
was, with his legs flying and trying to
stick his toe-nails into the rope and the
side of the house. I don't think a man
looks well in society with nothing on
but his night-shirt. I don't blame the
hired girls for being scared when they
saw pa and his legs came down outside
the window, and when they yelled I
went down to the kitchen, and they said
a crazy man with no clothes but a
pillow-case around his neck was trying
to kick the window in, and they ran
into the parlor, and I opened the door
and let pa in the kitchen. He asked
me if anybody else was saved, and
told him there was no fire, and he said
he must have dreamed he was in hell
or somewhere. Well, pa was astonish-
ed, and said he must be wrong in the
head, and I left him thawing out by
the stove while I went after his clothes.
His legs were badly chilled but I guess
nothing was froze. He lays it all to
ma, and says if she would stay at home
and let people run their own baby
shows there would be more comfort in
the house. Ma came in with a shawl
over her head and a bowl full of some-
thing that smelled frowy, and after she
had told us what the result of the visit
was she sent me after vaseline to rub
pa's legs. Pa says he has demonstrated
that if a man is cool and collected, in
case of fire, and goes deliberately to
work to save himself, he will come out
all right."

Is He Correct?
A reporter of the Atlanta Consti-
tution says:
I asked Judge Bleckley the other
night what he thought would be the di-
rection of inventions and progress in
the next thirty years.
"I should say," he replied, "the appli-
cation of the principle of the telephone
to the other senses. A few years ago
the distance at which you could hear a
sound was limited. Now it is practi-
cally without limit. You can smell a
flower only at a short distance. I do
not see why a telephone for the nose
might not enable you to smell a rose in
New York, even though you were locat-
ed in Atlanta. So of the taste and
touch. A new application of the prin-
ciple of the telephone might enable you
to remain in Atlanta and kiss your wife
in London, or taste a berry in Paris.
The telescope has already made a clumsy
step in this direction for the sight.
We would have thought the man crazy
a decade ago who said you could stand in
New York in 1883 and hear every note
of a concert in Boston. Quite as crazy
as the man who now predicts that in
1903 you may sit down in Atlanta, see
a theatrical representation in Cincinnati,
smell a bouquet in New Orleans,
taste a fresh oyster in Baltimore, and
shake hands with a friend in Savannah,
all at the same time. In these days it
is only the impossible that happens."

**Losing a Wife in a London
Fog.**
A few days ago a countryman friend
with his wife, who is young and hand-
some than he is, essayed to go out for
a little shopping. The fog was dread-
ful. In attempting to cross the street
they got cut off and separated by an
intervening cab. The husband leaped
on the opposite curb and supposed his
wife to be at his heels. Astonished to
find she was not, he rushed back.
Meanwhile his wife had crossed in pur-
suit of him. He became alarmed and
ran up the street and down again in
fruitless search. The aid of the
police was invoked, and after a vain
search somebody suggested that 'Mad-
am might have taken a cab and gone
to the hotel.' Visions of an elope-
ment haunted the mind of the jealous
husband, but he drove to the hotel.
Madam was there, and she was in a
'state of mind.' She was mad, very
mad, and anyone with the usual ex-
perience can image how tropical she
made it for him. He told me confi-
dently that the little episode cost him
well on fifty pounds. Of course nothing
has no commercial value. Noth-
ing less than one of those fifty-guinea
Regent street fur dolmans restores har-
mony in such a case. Noting less did
in this, at any rate. Moral: Don't go
out shopping in London on a foggy day
without having a string to her.—[Lon-
don Correspondence New York Tri-
bune.

**Wanted to Know Whether
Enoch's Chariot Was a Two
Horse or a Single
Horse Wagon.**
A well-known minister exchanged
pulpits with an interior preacher the
other day, and the town preacher de-
clared that while he is willing to
struggle for the suppression of sin, he
is not willing to distribute gospel
facts to a congregation of sermon
inclination. During the sermon
a man whose most prominent fea-
ture of wardrobe was a checked shirt with
wooden buttons arose and said:
"Cap'n, wash you'd reshuck that
last pup."

"I don't understand you," replied
the preacher.
"I ax you let out your back band a
little on that last statement."
"My friend, I am totally in the dark
as to your meaning."
"You said that Enoch went to heav-
en in a chariot of fire. Strip a little
more of the bark off and let me un-
derstand the timber better. A chariot
is a sort of a wagon, ain't it?"
"Yes," replied the preacher.
"Was it a two horse or a single
horse wagon?"
"I can't tell."

"Wall, you must tell. Some time
ago a fellow drive a wagon over one
of my hogs and killed him, and when I
fotch up a suit, I couldn't tell whether
it was a one or two horse wagon, and
consequently I didn't rekiver damages.
Since then I've been more careful.
So I want this chariot business set-
tled right here."
"My poor friend—"
"I know I'm poor, without enough
corn to run me through the nex crop,
but settle the wargin question."
"I say that the chariot makes no
difference, so far as our interest in
heaven is concerned. All we need to
know about it is that it ascended up
to the home prepared for the bliss of
the servants of the Lord."

"That talk sounds well enough,
partner, but when a man comes into
this neighborhood with pints, he's got
to specify. If you say the wargin had
two horses, we'll accept your state-
ment and let your business go on, or
it will be the same if you say that the
vehicle only had one horse. All we
want to know is that the thing has
been settled. Can you square the
difficulty, cap'n?"
"I cannot."

"Then come from behind the box,"
The minister obeyed, and the ques-
tion remains unsettled.—[Arkansaw
Traveller.

What a Lady Gets.
"What has become of my silk hand-
kerchief?" howled Mr. Grinley, turn-
ing angrily to his wife.
"I don't know, I'm sure. I saw it
on the bureau last night."
"What's that negro woman's got
on her head?" referring to the cook
who had entered the room. "Ain't that
my handkerchief that you've got
there?"
"I dunno, sah. Neber seed no name
on it."
"Where did you get it